Numb. 74

# THE OBSERVATOR.

*An Account of the Amours of the E. of A——. A Vindication of K.* William.

From Saturday January the 2d, to Wednesday January the 6th, 170⅘.

*Country-m.* MR. *Observator*, From Stories I told you the last time we met, I hope you'l have a Care of Launching too far into *Politicks*, lest you should happen to get out of your Depth, as Poor Mr. *Crosfield* has done. You have a woundy parcel of back-Friends at *London*; and they vow, *Right* or *Wrong* they'l be at you. I fancy 'twill be your safer Way to be as good as your Word, in giving us an Account of the *Amours* of the great Favourite in the late Reign; and therein the *worst* can happen to you, if you lay your self too open, can be but a *Scandalum Magnorum Equorum Battavorum*. Besides, this Subject will be pleasing to all the Young Courtiers, to let 'em know what they must come to, when they become Favourites.

*Obs.* These old Rats Love Cheese. You like to hear the Stories of *Love* and *Courtship*, tho' you are past it. But you are mistaken in *Court Amours*, they are not like those of *Doll* the Dairy-Maid with *Roger* the Ploughman. 'Tis true, his first *Amours* with *Betty S——ds*, and that sort of Cattle with whom he burnt his Fingers, are not worth mentioning; His first remarkable *Amour* was after he was made Master of the Robes, which happened at the *Hague*, during the time the King waited there for a Wind to come over. *France* that kept us constantly supply'd with Spies, had One there waiting for the first Opportunity: He had got with him a *Paris* Harlot, very *Pretty*, and very *Lewd*, but so Common that she was called only by her Name Madamoselle *M———n*, just such another as *Betty S——d's*. This Spark, with his Mistress, and more Company of that kind, were walking in the *Forebout* (a Place where the Company walk in at the *Hague* as in St. *James's-Park* here) there they met the *New Favourite*, whom every Body was curious to see, the Report of his Favour being very great; *P——d's* Enemies giving out, That his Nose was out of Joint, and that he would soon be turned out. As soon as our *Favourite* saw Madamoselle, he like'd her so well, that he ordered a Footman to follow her Home: His Looks were so earnest that Madamoselle took Notice of it, and her Company too, who wish'd her Joy of so great a Conquest. As they went Home, the Footman followed them so plainly that they took Notice of it, which made the Ladies Laugh, but not the Gentleman, who began to fear it might be upon his Account, that he was Discovered, and so thought of leaving his Lodgings; but a Neighbour coming in told the Lady a Footman was very inquisitive who she was, which not only put the *Frenchman* out of his Fear, but made him judge it a very good Opportunity of procuring a Pass to get over safe; so sends Madamoselle the next morning to our Favourite, who was not Stirring. The same Footman who had followed her the day before, coming into the Chamber where she was waiting, was so over-joy'd to see her come to his Master, that without giving him any Notice, brought her to his Bed-side; our Noble Lord was Surpriz'd to see by his Bedside the Angel that had kept him from Sleeping all Night: Madamoselle begs Pardon for the untimely Visit, tells him she comes upon a Request to him; she's presently told, she needs but speak the Word, to be Obey'd; so after bewailing ths Misery of the Persecution in *France*; she had with many Difficulties and Dangers made her Escape by the help of a Servant of one of her Aunts, who had sent Him to take Care of her, and see her safe in *London* with some Relations she had there. The Poor Lady being all the while in Fears, our Heroes Heart was so mollify'd that he Curst the *French* King, for his Persecution; but presently bethinks himself that he should never have been so happy as to have seen her otherwise; so desiring her to lay by her Grief, he did offer her sincerely all the Service he could do her, and prest the Lady to take a Purse of Gold, fearing that she had not Loaded herself in her Flight; but she positively refused it, as not wanting it then, and said that if her Relations were not in good Circumstances in *England*, she had provided herself for the worst, and could use her Needle; which the Lover told her she should never do; and not thinking that a fit time to make his Home Propofals, told her, she might Command his Interest at Court; and that he wou'd procure her a good Pension, and upon that Account obtain'd a Promise that he should hear from her at *London*: So the Lady leaving her Name, and her Pretended Servants, thank'd him for his Goodness and Charity, and returned to her Spark much pleased with her Success.

*Country-m.* That's a Cunning old Cust at *Paris*, he makes his very Whores serve his Interest. I remember a Story in Queen *Elizabeths* time, That when *Gondibert*, the *Spanish* Embassador had private Instructions sent him, which the *English* Ministers could by no means come at, finding that the Grave Don lov'd a Bit of Old Hat in a Corner: They employ'd Miss, who got a Nights Lodging with him, in which time she ripp'd the Instructions out from the Collar of his Shirt. Alack-a-day, Mr. *Observator*, how much has Poor *England* Suffer'd by the *Drinking*, *Whoring*, *Cheating*, *Treachery* and *Cowardice* of Men employ'd in its Service? But Pray, Sir, proceed in your Story, 'tis very pleasant.

*Obs.* In the Afternoon the Favourite sends not only the *Pass* inclosed in a very tender Letter; but also an order for their being received in a Man of War, and the Wind proving fair they came safe over. But amidst all these Successes, it prov'd with our Spark as with the

Galleons

Galleons at *Vigo*, where he thought himself safest, he was Nabb'd. My Lord *Nottingham*, who was then Secretary of State, and made other Use of the Inteligence Money, than some of his Successors have done since; had so exact an Account of this Man, that one of his Messengers took him the first Night he came, and Confin'd him so close, that no Body could see him: Madamoselle not being then with him escap'd being taken, and the House did not Discover her. The poor Girl thought herself Undone, was without Money or Friends, and could not think of less than Death for her Spark. So in this Perplexity, she remembers her Promise to the Favourite, and writes to him, that she's Undone if she don't see him: He had already heard that a Spy was taken with such a Pass, which confirm'd him it was his own; so judg'd the Lady was not what she pretended to be; however, he thought her not the less handsom, and more *Come-at-able*; yet thought it not convenient to go to her, but sends *Trusty* for her; she comes, begs his Pardon, and confesses all; he gives here Absolution, upon Condition that she will leave her Spark, and be his; she's thankful, accepts the Offer, yeilds to his Ardent Desire, and so Ravishes her New Lover with her Nimble *French* Ways, that he lock'd her up with him four or five days, till the Spy, against whom appeared nothing but his coming over, which he did with a Pass, was pack'd for *France* with some *Exchange* Prisoners.

*Country-m.* And the Punk stay'd behind; a fine thing indeed! Why she could do more mischief here, than Fifty Spys.

*Obs.* Aye, and no doubt she did, and so she still does; for I hear she is in *England*.

*Country-m.* Pray, Sir, did this Lady cros the Sea every Year? 'Tis a wonder she did not sink the Ship.

*Obs.* No, no, she presently prov'd with Child, and during his Absence, the Marquis de *P*——*r*'s Lady took Care of her at *Richmond*, and she lay-In there, and so for four Years, for she every Year had a Child.

*Country-m.* Oh, fie upon't, that a Person of Quality would be so base! I would not have suffer'd my Wife *Joan* to have done such a Thing.

*Obs.* Not too much Quality neither, a *French* Marquiss is no great matter; they are as common in *France*, as Knights in the City. This *P*——*r*, who was but Captain of the *Dutch* Guards, got an *English* Regiment of Foot for it the first Year, and the next he got a little Grant in *Ireland* of Thirty One Thousand Acres of good Land near *Dublin*, Plantation-Measure, which make 57000 Acres your Measure.

*Country-m.* Master *Observator*, This can never be true; I doubt you Romance: A *Dutchman* was saying t'other day in a Coffee-House, That you were a Lying Rascal, and ought to be *Snicker-Sneed:* But I was not surpriz'd at it, when I found he was *A*——'s Secretary.

*Obs.* Van *H*——*st* had better hold his Tongue, I neither fear him nor his Master, there are Rods in piss for him, but I must first serve his Master. 'Twould be no hard matter to show that three of Madams Kids were nurst as his own Children at *Eling*, eight miles off *London*, a Town famous for Nursing of E——ls Bastards. But to satisfie you that I don't Romance, I've a very good Intelligencer, a Friend that attended the late King 12 Years together here and beyond Sea, a Person of such Judgment that nothing escap'd him; he saw the Rise and Progress of many things that would surprize the World; and if I don't publish all 'tis not to spare the Living; a Man in an Inferiour Post at Court knows more of these secret Intreagues than the most considerable. He knew *A*——*s* Intreagues from his own Servants, who used to entertain the whole Family with them. Is it not natural to believe that *P*——*r*'s Grant came from Pimping, else how shou'd such a *French* Fiddle-stick be set at the Head of a Noble *English* Body, and have such a Grant. 'Twas neither for his Sense or Courage; he was void of both.

*Country-m.* Well, Master *Observator*, you have satisfy'd me fully, I'll vindicate the Truth of what you say for the Future. But pray proceed.

*Obs.* I will, but must be short, Madam kept possession of the Noble heart till after the Peace, I think with little or no Interruption, than that of an *English* Papist Lady, Native of *Stocks-market*, who from her Fathers Trade had early learned to Feather the best Birds, but the Commerce being open, and Madam being foul and foggy with our course Air and Child-bearing, was sent into *France* to purifie, and a *French* Lady, of greater Quality, was sent over to supply her place. About a year after, *Madam* went to *Holland*, as clear as a Penny. But *A*—— then being taken up with other matters, that shall be explained another time, Disposes of her to a *Butter-Box* of his Friends; and as Princes, and such like, never give their Mistresses without a Grant, Portion or Pension, or something equivalent, *A*—— picks a Quarel with a worthy Gentleman, who had a great Place, which occasioned him from time to time to come over here, and made him quit; so Madams Spark got into it, and Madam is now here in *Piccadilly*.

*Country-m.* I protest, Mr. *Observator*, I'll never endure this; I'll go to Mr. Justice *Fane*, or Mr. Justice *Tully*'s, and take out a Warrant if it cost me Five Shillings; and if I cann't get her Committed to *Bridewell*, I'll raise the Mob, and Drag her thro' a Horse-Pond, or get her Pump'd. Are these your Favourites? Poor K. *William*, how much has he Suffer'd in his Reputation by these execrable Wretches? But this does not in the least lessen my esteem of that good King. But ten thousand pitties is it, that His Reputation and Memory should be sullied by the Actions of these Scoundrels.

*Obs.* Before I have done, I hope to lay the Saddle on the right Horse, and to show my Countrymen how much they have been misled and deluded by *Men* who liv'd at Discretion on the Publick in the late Reign, and gain'd a popular Applause to justify them in their *Piracies* on the Nations Treasure.

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